

FROM THE PAGES OF **The BOYS**

BUTCHER

BAKER, CANDLESTICKMAKER

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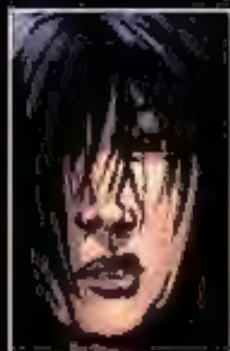
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FROM THE PAGES OF **The BOYS.**

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BAKER, CANDLESTICKMAKER.

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.



Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth: superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them, sometimes, need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys.**

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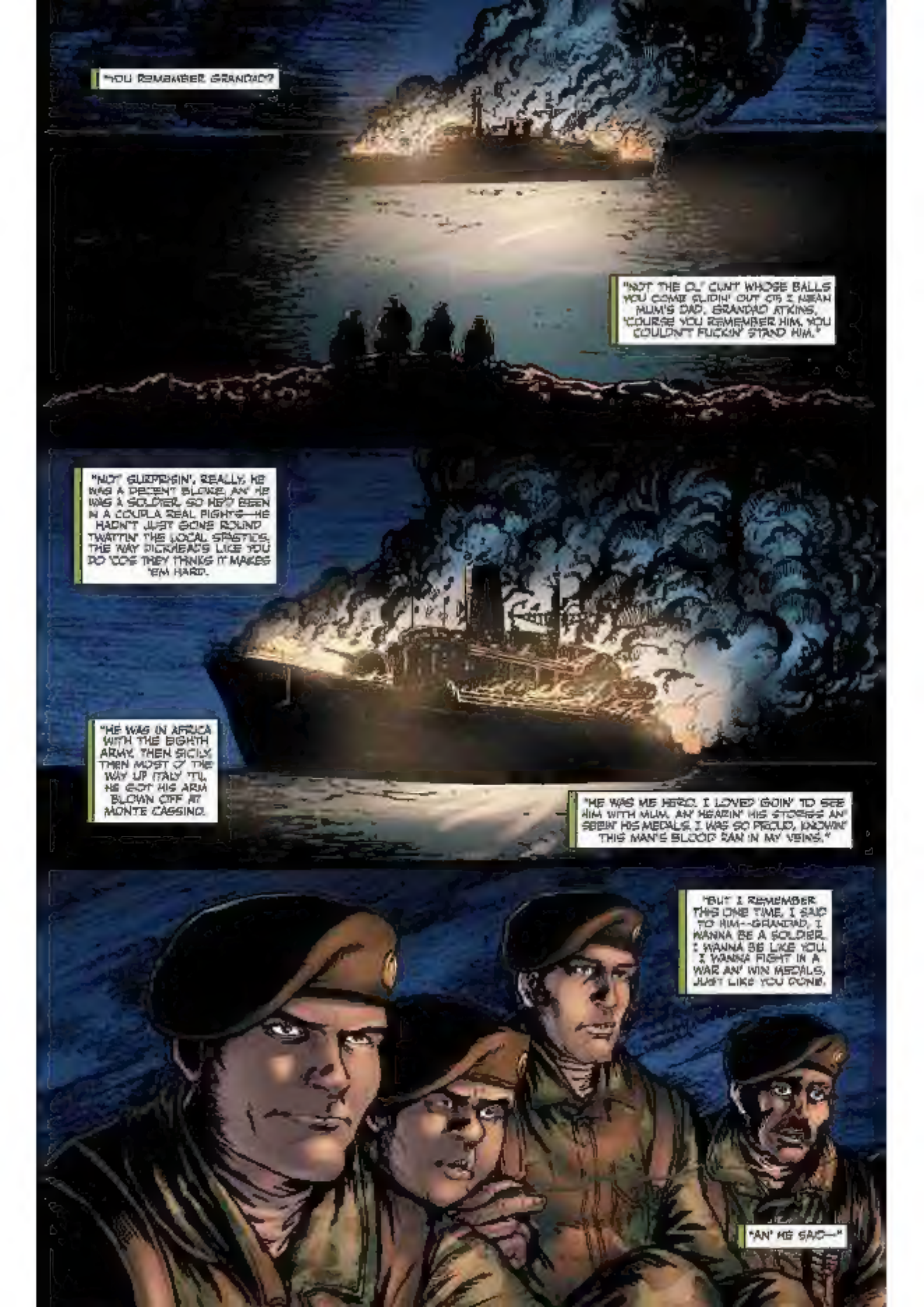
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A large ship is engulfed in flames on the dark sea at night. Thick black smoke billows from the ship, rising into the dark sky. The fire is bright orange and yellow, contrasting sharply with the dark water and sky. The ship's structure is partially visible through the smoke and fire.

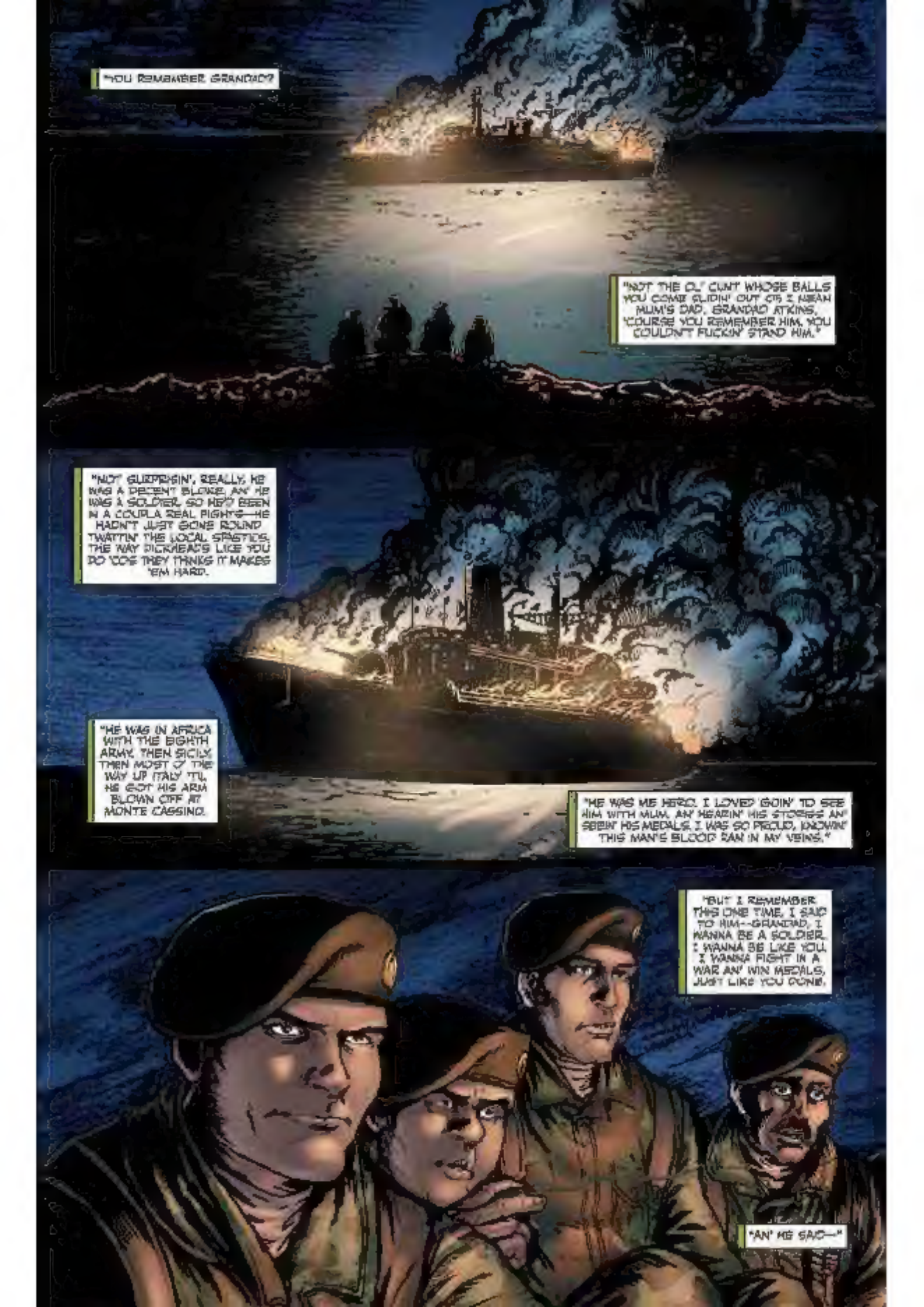
"YOU REMEMBER GRANDAD?"

"NOT THE OL' CUNT WHOSE BALLS
YOU COME SLIDIN' OUT OF? I MEAN
MUM'S DAD, GRANDAD ATKINS.
'COUSE YOU REMEMBER HIM, YOU
COULDN'T FUCKIN' STAND HIM."

"NOT GUERRINI, REALLY, HE
WAS A DECENT BLOKE, AN' HE
WAS A SOLDIER, SO HE'D BEEN
IN A COUPLA REAL FIGHTS—HE
HADN'T JUST GONE ROUND
TWATTIN' THE LOCAL SPASTICS,
THE WAY DICKHEADS LIKE YOU
DO 'COSE THEY THINK IT MAKES
'EM HARD."

"HE WAS IN AFRICA
WITH THE EIGHTH
ARMY, THEN SICILY,
THEN MOST OF THE
WAY UP ITALY 'TIL
HE GOT HIS ARM
BLOWN OFF AT
MONTE CASSINO."

"HE WAS ME HERO. I LOVED GOIN' TO SEE
HIM WITH MUM, AN' HEARIN' HIS STORIES AN'
SEEN' HIS MEDALS. I WAS SO PROUD, KNOWIN'
THIS MAN'S BLOOD RAN IN MY VEINS."

Four soldiers in military uniforms are shown in a close-up shot. They are wearing berets and looking serious. The soldier on the far left is looking directly at the camera. The soldier next to him is looking slightly to the right. The soldier in the middle is looking forward. The soldier on the far right is looking slightly to the left. They are all wearing dark uniforms with berets.

"BUT I REMEMBER
THIS ONE TIME, I SAID
TO HIM—GRANDAD, I
WANNA BE A SOLDIER.
I WANNA BE LIKE YOU.
I WANNA FIGHT IN A
WAR AN' WIN MEDALS,
JUST LIKE YOU DONE."

"AN' HE SAID—"



NAH
YOU DON'T,
BILLY WAR'S
A HORRIBLE
THING.

YOU'LL SEE
THINGS YOU'LL TAKE
TO YER GRAVE, SON.
IT'LL RUIN YOU, EVEN
IF YOU DON'T GET
KILLED.

YOU'LL BREAK
YER MOTHER'S
HEART, IF
NOTHIN' ELSE.

IT'S ONE
OF THE FRIGATES,
H.M.S. ANTELOPE.
THE BOSS SAID.

I HEARD THERE'S
STILL A BOMB ON BOARD.
THE DISPOSAL LADS ARE
TRYINNA SORT IT NOW.

GLAD I AIN'T
STILL OUT THERE ON
ONE O' THEM THINGS.
THE SPIC'RS GONNA
ALL OUT TO SINK
THE LOT.

JESUS,
THIS IS REAL.
ISN'T IT...?

HOW D'YOU
MEAN, JOCK?

WELL, IT'S LIKE WE'RE REALLY AT
WAR, YE KENT? WE CAME HALFWAY
ROUND THE WORLD TO FIGHT FOR
THESE DRAFT WEE ISLANDS, BUT
I NEVER THOUGHT IT'D COME TO
THIS--THE WHOLE WAY HERE I WAS
SURE THE ARSIEDD JUST
PUCK OFF.

BUT THEY'RE
NO, IT IS REAL.
AN' LADDER
GETTIN'--



FUCK!!



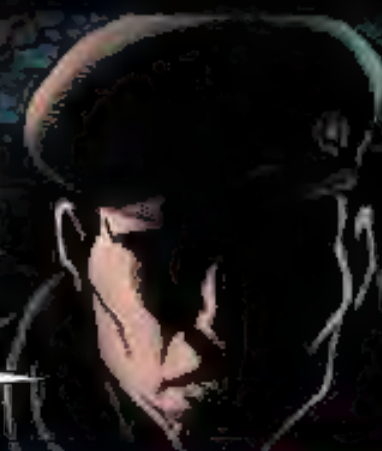
'COURSE
IT'S FUCKIN' REAL
YOU TIT.



POOR
BASTARDS...

DID THEY
GET THE CREW
OFF BEFORE THEY
STARTED?
FORGODDAMN IT?

YOU WANNA
GET YER HEADS
DOWN, BOYS. IF HER
MAGAZINE GOES UP
YER GONNA KNOW
ALL ABOUT IT.



BILLY, HOW CAN YOU
JUST TURN YOUR BACK
ON THAT? YOU'VE KEN
FELLAS'RE DYIN'
OUT THERE?

THEY ALREADY
ARE DEAD, MATE.
NOTHIN' WE DO'S
GONNA CHANGE
THAT.



BUT--

JESUS
FUCKIN'
CHRIST!!



2: HARRIET



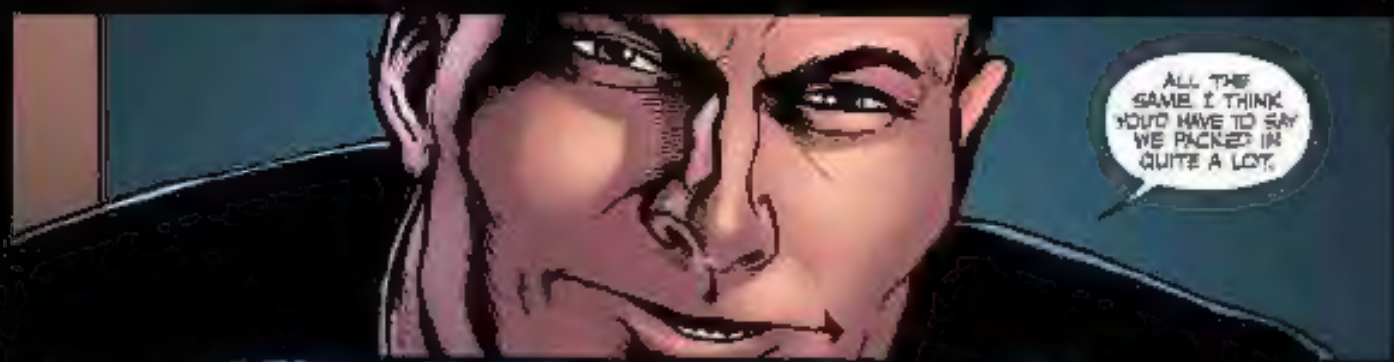
THAT
WAS MY WAR,
THAT WAS.



AN' IT
SEEMED REAL
ENOUGH TO
ME.

NOVADAYS NO ONE
TALKS ABOUT IT MUCH. THE
FALKLANDS, 'CEPT FOR SOME
CURRENCY VALUE. BUT YOU HAD
ALL THE STUFF YOU THINK OF
HAPPENIN' IN A WAR, YOU HAD SHIPS
SINKIN' AN' PLANES CRASHIN' AN'
LAOS CHARGIN' UP HILLS INTO
MACHINE-GUNFIRE...

I
MEAN IT DIDN'T LAST
THAT LONG, NE OWN BUT
WAS ONLY ABOUT THREE
WEEKS, FROM LANDIN' AT
SAN CARLOS TO THE
ARMS JACKIN' IT IN.



ALL THE
SAME I THINK
YOU'D HAVE TO SAY
WE PACKED IN
QUITE A LOT.



FUCK ME,
IF THIS THING GETS
HOT WE'VE HAD IT!
WE HAVEN'T A HOPE
O' GETTIN' OUT
IN TIME!



WIND YER
BLOODY NECK
IN, JOCK!

YEAH, BELT UP!
BESIDES, THE BASTARDS
OVERLOADED--WE'LL
PROBABLY CRASH
BEFORE THEY EVEN
SEE US!

AH,
THIS IS
DAFT...!



TOUGH TITTY
MY SON! ONE OF
THE TRANSPORT SHIPS
GOT SUNK, TOOK THE
CHINOOKS WITH IT--THIS
IS THE ONLY WAY TO
GET ALL THE KIT UP
THE MOUNTAIN!

YEAH, WE'RE
GONNA BE FUCKIN'
SURROUNDED UP
THERE! RIGHT BUNCH
O' THATS WE'LL LOOK
IF WE END UP CHUCKIN'
ROCKS AT THE
SPICE!



LOOK ON THE
BRIGHT SIDE, JOCK--
YOU COULD BE YOMPIN'
IT INSTEAD! LIKE EVERY
OTHER POOR CUNT, WITH
A FUCKIN' HUNDRED
POUND BERSER ON
YER BACK!



YEAH,
ANYONE FANCY A
STROLL IN THE
MOONLIGHT?

HERE'S YER
FUCKIN' CHANCE,
WANKER! TEN
SECONDS!

AN AFTER ALL THAT

"NOTHIN'. TOTAL ANTICLIMAX.
ONLY THING ON MOUNT KENT
WAS ONE LITTLE ARMY
PATROL. AN' THE SAS LADS
MALLETED THE LOT BEFORE
WE EVEN LANDED.

"BUT WE WAS THERE.
AN' WE COULD SEE
PORT STANLEY OFF
IN THE DISTANCE.

"AN' THAT WAS WHY
WE'D COME ALL
THAT FUCKIN' WAY."

"YOU'LL LIKE THIS NEXT BIT, DAD: WE SAT ON
TOP OF THAT BLEEDIN' ROCK FOR WELL OVER
A WEEK, DOIN' SWEET FUCK ALL WHILE THE
REST OF THE BOYS CAUGHT UP WITH US.

"CHRIST, WE FROZE
OUR BOLLOCKS OFF. WIND WAS
SCREAMIN' IN FROM THE SOUTH
FUCKIN' POLE. I'VE NEVER BEEN
SO MISERABLE IN ALL ME LIFE...

"YEAH, I THOUGHT
THAT'D GIVE YOU A
LAUGH."

GOOD MORNING,
CAMPER! YOU'LL BE PLEASSED
TO HEAR THE FINAL ADVANCE
ON STANLEY BEGINS TONIGHT,
AND YOU LUCKY BASTARDS
HAVE BEEN CHOSEN TO PLAY
A VITAL PART!

BETWEEN HERE
AND THE COAST ARE MORE OF
THESE FUCKING MOUNTAINS
YOU'VE COME TO KNOW AND
LOVE! FOUR-TWO COMMANDO
HAS BEEN GIVEN THE JOB OF
TAKIN' MOUNT HARRIET!

NOW, HARRIET IS
NO LADY! SHE IS IN FACT
A DIRTY BITCH! AND SHE WILL
GIVE YOU WORSE THAN A
DOSE OF THE GRABS IF YOU
ARE NOT CAREFUL. SO LISTEN
CLOSELY TO WHAT YOU ARE
EXPECTED TO DO!



...US AND
THE REST OF
A COMPANY TO
THE SUMMIT.
GOT IT?

YES,
SARGE!

NO FUCKING
AROUND UP THERE
TONIGHT. WE'RE NOT
TAKING PRISONERS. AND
IF YOUR OFFO GETS HIT,
YOU LEAVE HIM AND
YOU CARRY ON.



THE PARAS HAD
THEIR FUN AT GOOSE GREEN--
NOW IT'S OUR TURN. YOU ARE TRAINED
AND YOU ARE READY. FIGHTING IN THE
FROZEN ARSEHOLE OF THE WORLD
SHOULD BE SECOND NATURE TO YOU.
AFTER ALL THAT MINCING ABOUT
IN FUCKING NORWAY.

SOMEONE IS
GOING TO BE FIRST INTO
STANLEY, AND IT WILL NOT
BE THE FLAMING FUCKING
POOFS OF THE PARACHUTE
REGIMENT, WHO IS IT GOING
TO BE INSTEAD...?



THE ROYAL
MARINES,
SARGE!

FUCKING
RIGHT IT IS!



LOOKS
LIKE WE'RE IN
BUSINESS, EH,
BOYS?

OH PUCK,
ALL I WANNA DO
IS GET THROUGH
IN ONE PIECE--!

YEAH,
THE WIFE'LL BE
SEVERELY PISSED
OFF IF I DON'T
MAKE IT HOME...

I JUST
WANNA KILL
SOME CLUNT.



WHY?

WHAT
THE FUCK YOU
ON ABOUT,
BILLY?



AH, YOU
KNOW.
JUST
CURIOUS.



FUCK!!



JESUS CHRIST...

AW, LORD
FUCKIN' HELL...

LEAVE
HIM



WHERE
THE FUCK'S THE
REST OF 'EM?

DUNNO
I THINK WE TOOK A
WRONG TURN AFTER
THAT SECOND
BUNKER.

AW, FUCK.
NO ONE KNOWS
WHAT'S GOIN'
ON.



I KNOW WE
GOTTA DIE OFF
SHARPISH, THEN FUCKIN'
MORTAR'S GETTIN'
THE RANGE.

NNNNNNAAHH

LOOK YOU
CUNT, I WILL
FUCKIN' BEAT
YOU—!

A comic book page with five panels depicting soldiers in a trench during a battle. The soldiers are wearing helmets and combat gear. The panels show various expressions of fear, determination, and confusion. The background is dark and smoky, suggesting a night battle or a heavily obscured battlefield.

HARRY NEVER
MIND HIM, JUST
LISTEN! LISTEN,
ALL OF YOU!

THEY KNOW
WE'RE HERE! IF
WE STAY, THEY'LL
MORTAR US 'D
FUCK!

IF WE TRY AN' LEE, IT THERE'S
NO COVER AN' THE GUN TEAM
UP THERE'LL DO US ALL THAT
MEANS WE'VE ONLY ONE
WAY OUT.

AN' THAT'S
STRAIGHT AT
'EM, UP THE
HILL.

WHAT--?

HAVE YOU
SOME BLOODY
MENTAL, THEY'LL
KILL US BEFORE
WE GET FIVE
YARDS. I

MADE NOT IF WE
DO IT RIGHT, I'LL GUESS
WE LAST WHITE PHOS AN'
WE'LL GO IN THROUGH
THE SMOKE

NAH--!

LOOK, YOU SEE
WHAT I FUCKIN' MEANT?
IT'S MAYBE F WE HAVE
A GO, DEFINITELY IF
WE DON'T!

THAT'S NO
ENOUGH SMOKE
VIBES BLOODY
MAD.

I'M NO' GOIN'
'EM STAYIN' PUT!
I'M NO' GOIN'
ANYWHERE!

NO ONE'S
FUCKIN' STAYIN'
JOCK.



NO ONE.



YE-WEE
CUNT--!

YE'RE ONLY
BLOODY SEVENTEEN
AN' YE'RE GONNA
SHOOT ME? YE WEE
ENGLISH BASTARD.
YE HAVEN'T THE
FUCKIN' BOLLOCKS
FOR IT..!



NOT?



AW SHIT,
C'MON. LET'S
BLOODY DO IT!
JACK HFC
RIGHT COME
ON!

[...]

MOVE YER
FUCKIN' ARSE,
WANKER!



IF JACK BOTTLED
IT, THEY ALL WOULD

GO!!

IT WAS THE ONLY WAY.



TEN AHEAD.
ONLY WAY
TO WHAT?



COME
ON! LET'S
DO IT!

FUCKIN'
LET'S DO IT!

OH MY
GOD!

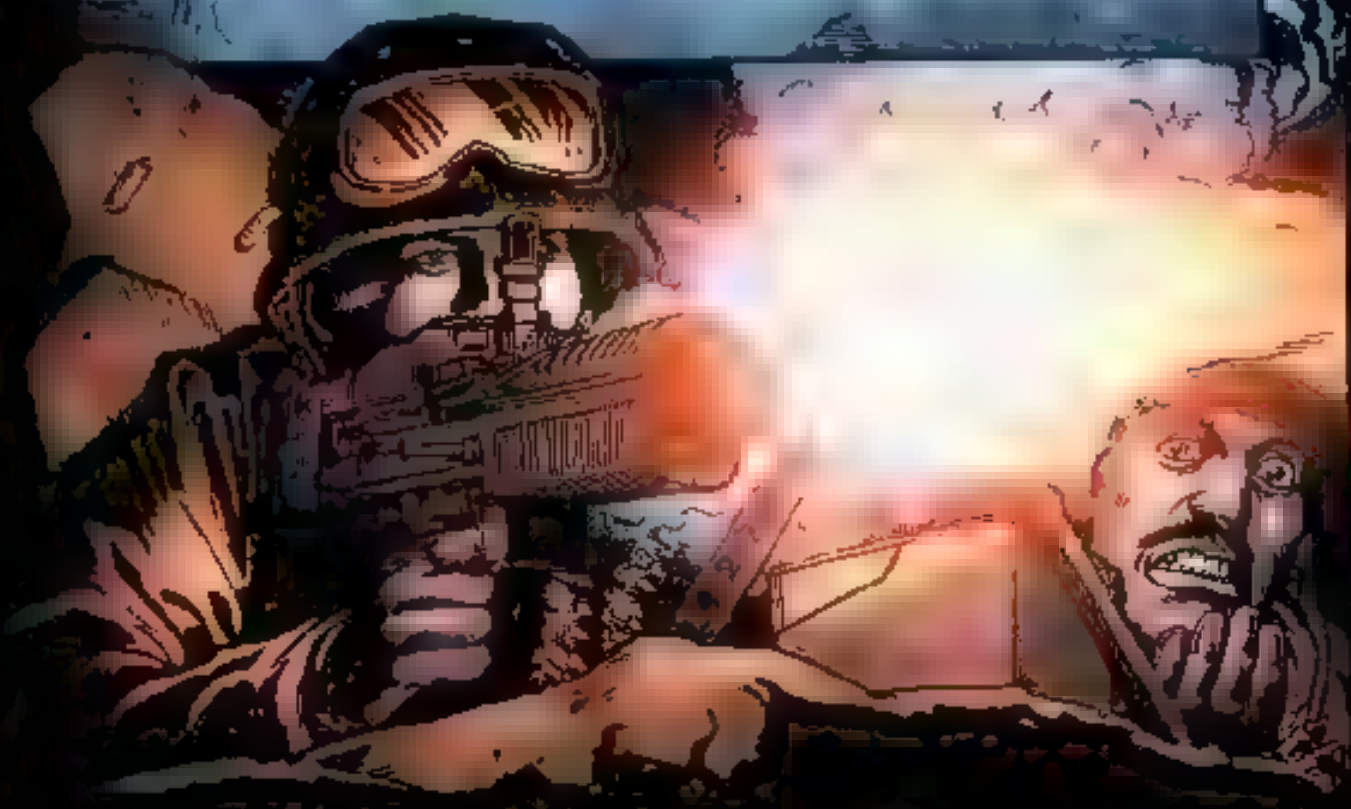


THEY'RE
FIRIN' INTO
"THE FLOCKIN'
SMOKE!"

WIDN' BLIND!
KEEP GOIN'!

COME
ON!

SHIT--!



SHIT--!



RAAH!
RAAH!
RAAH!
RAAH!

RRRAAHH!

"WHAT CAN I SAY DAD"

"YOU'VE BEEN
TOLD OF ME"



HA HA HA, FUCKIN'
YESSSS...!



HERE,
BOYS!



ROUND ABOUT THEN - STARTS
TO FEEL SORT OF 'KNACKERED'
ON ACCOUNT OF THE FACT I'D
TAKEN A ROUND IN THE CHEST
SO I THOUGHT I'D HAVE A BIT
OF AN OL' 'ST-DOWN'.



"DON'T HURT REAL,
JUST GOT HARDER AN'
HARDER TO BREATHE."

"I SURE KNEW I WAS
GONNA BE LOSIN' ME
EYES IN A BIT, AN' I
WOULDN'T BE OPENIN'
THEM AGAIN."

"AN' THAT WAS ALL
RIGHT WITH ME."



"I MEAN I WAS GONNA TO
BE LEAVIN' MOM AN' LENNY
STUCK WITH YOU, BUT—I
NEVER REALLY HAD NO
AMBI-ON FOR ME LIPS IF
THIS WAS IT. FUCK IT."

"AN' I WAS A
SCOTTNECK FOR
GOD'S SAKE.
WHAT THE FUCK
DID I EXPECT?"



"I TEL' YOU
WHAT DAD
BEFORE '82
SINCE THAT
MOMENT."



"I DON'T THINK
I EVER FELT
SO PEACEFUL."

WHOLE
THING ENDED
A COUPLE DAYS
LATER

REST OF OUR
MOB TOOK HARSHEN AN'
ONLY LOST TWO MORE
BLOKES. ARGIES GOT
KICKED OFF THE NEXT FEW
MOUNTAINS, THEN THEY
DONE A RUNNER.

AFTER THAT
THEY JUS' FUKIN
SURRENDERED



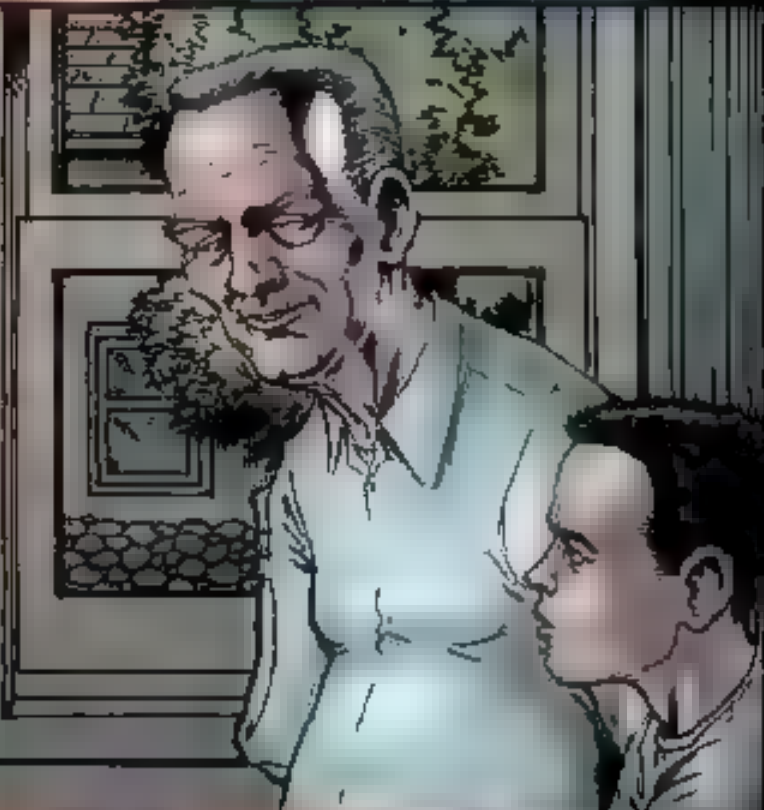
OH, AN THE
PARAS WERE
FIRST INTO
STANLEY
AFTER ALL

THE
JUNTS

"ALTOGETHER, FOR THE
ENTIRE WAR, WE HAD
ABOUT TWO HUNDRED AN'
FIFTY KILLED ARGIES.
HAD THREE TIMES THAT

"ON TOP LY THAT YOU GOT THE
WOUNDED—AN THEN THERE WAS ALL
THE LADS JUST COULDN'T HACK IT.
SEEN THEIR MATES KILLED, HAD TO
KILL LADS THEMSELVES, SEEN ALL
SORTS O' FUKIN' THINGS. SOME O'
'EM ENDED UP IN THE BATHHOUSE.

"SEEN THREE BLOKES
IN MY PLATOON ALONEVE
DONE THEMSELVES IN
SINCE 'I ENDED



+ RUMER
WAS LIKE
GRANDAD
SAID

BUT ME,
I FUKIN
LOVED IT



"IT WAS WHAT. JUNE NEXT
I WEREN'T SO KEEN ON."

"I DON'T MEAN ALL THE BULL SHIT ABOUT
THE FAULKLANDS WHETHER IT GOT HAGGIE
THATCHER BACK IN OR ANY O' THAT
ARSENALIES GO ON ABOUT THE RIGHTS
AN' WELSHIN' O' WAZZ NEVER GIVE A
FUCK ABOUT THE LADS THAT FIGHT 'EM."

"NAH, WHAT PICKED ME OFF WAS BY THE TIME
I GOT OUT O' HOSPITAL AN' REHAB AN' THAT
A LOTTA ME MATES'D MOVED ON, PROMOTED
OR TRANSFERRED, OR JUST FUCKIN' LEFT."

AN' THE NEW LADS THEY WANTED TO KNOW ALL ABOUT : THEY'D BU
YOU LOADS O' PINTS AN' GET YOU TELLIN' STORIES, ALL THAT BOLLOCKS
PUCK, IT WEREN'T JUST THEM, EVERY CUNNIE YOU RAN INTO GOT THIS
LOOK IN THEIR EYE WHEN THEY TWIGGED WHERE YOU'D BEEN

LOS YOU'D DONE
THE BUSINESS,
HADN'T YOU?

"YOU'D KILLED"

"YOU'D DONE WHAT
THEY COULD ONLY
IMAGINE, WHAT THEY
HARDLY DARED
DREAM ABOUT, BUT
THEY WAS FUCKIN'
FASCINATED BY"

"YOU COULD SEE IT ON THEIR FACES, ALL
THEM SHAKY LITTLE SMILES ON, THEY
ADMIRED YOU BUT WHEN THEY RAN
OUTTA BOLLOCKS TO TALK AN' THE
CHEERIN' DIED DOWN, YOU COULD SEE
YOU SCARED THE SHIT OUT O' THE CUNNIES"

AN' WHEN YOU SCARE
SOMEBODY, YOU
START TO THINK
THEY'RE SHIT

BUT YOU'D
KNOW ALL ABOUT
THAT, WOULDN'T
YOU, DAD?



"AN' THAT WAS NOTHIN'. WELL, IT WEREN'T NOTHIN'. I DONE SIX MONTHS IN THE GLASSHOUSE 'COS OF IT BUT AFTER THAT I REALLY GOT STUCK IN, AN' I WAS OUT ON ME ARSE INSIDE A YEAR.

"THE COLONEL OFFERED TO SPEAK AT ME COURT-MARTIAL. I TOLD HIM TO FUCK OFF."

"WHAT I'D TWIGGED WAS I DIDN'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT NOTHIN' OR NO ONE. AS A MATTER OF FACT, I THOUGHT EVERYONE I MET WAS A CLINT."



"I WAS AS BAD WHEN I GOT OUT."

"BLOODY HELL, DAD, WHAT IS IT ABOUT THE BUTCHERS AN' DRINK? I KNOW WE AIN'T NO FUCKIN' JOKE TO BEGIN WITH, BUT LASERED UP WE'RE DYABOLICAL...!"



"BUT YOU DON'T NEED ME TO TELL YOU THAT."





